Ser. It is my Lord.

Hot. That Roan shall be my throne. Well, I will backe him straight, *Eesperance*, bid *Butler* lead him forth into the Parke.

Lady. But heare you, my Lord.

Hot. What sayst thou, my Lady?

La. What is it carries you away?

Hot. Why, my horse (my love) my horse.

La. Our you mad-headed ape, a weezel hath not such a deale of spleene, as you are tost with. In fayth ile know your businesse, *Harry*, that I will: I feare, my brother *Mortimer* doth stir about his title, and hath sent for you to line his enterprize, but if

Hot. So far a foot, I shall be weary, love. (you goe.

La. Come, come, you Parraquito, answer me directly unto this question that I shall aske: in fayth i'le breake thy little finger, *Harry*, and if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

Hot Away, away, you trifler, love; I love thee not;
I care not for thee, *Kate*, this is no world
To play with mammets, and to tilt with lips,
We must have bloody noses, and crackt crownes,
And passe them currant too: gods me my horse.
What saist thou *Kate*, what wouldst thou have with me?

La. Doe you not love me? doe you not indeede?
Well, doe not then? for since you love me not,
I will not love my selfe. Doe you not love me?
Nay, tell me, if you speake in jest, or no?

Hot. Come, wilt thou see me ride?
And when I am a horse-backe, I will sweare,
I love thee infinitely. But harke you *Kate*,
I must not have you henceforth question me
Whither I goe: nor reason whereabout:
Whither I must, I must: and to conclude,
This evening must I leave you, gentle *Kate*,
I know you wise, but yet no farther wise,
Then *Harry Percies* wife. Constant you are,
But yet a woman, and for secrecy,
Nay Lady closer, for I will beleeve,
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know;
And so far will I trust thee, gentle *Kate*.

La. How, so far?

Hot. Not an inch further: but harke you *Kate*,
Whither I go, thither shall you goe too.
To day will I set forward; to morrow you:
Will this content you *Kate*?

La. It must of force.

Enter Prince, and Poynes.

Pri. Ned, prethee come out of that fat roome, and lend thy hand to laugh a little.

Poy. Where hast beene, *Hall*?

Prin. With three or foure Logger-heads, amongst three or foure-score Hogs-heads. I have sounded the very base string of Humility. Sirra, I am sworn brother to a leash of Drawers, and can call them all by their Christian names, as *Tom*, *Dick*, and *Francis*; they take it already upon their salvation, that though I be Prince of *Wales*, yet I am the King of *Courtesie*, and tell me flatly, I am not proud *Jacke* like *Falstaffe*; but *Corinthian*, a Lad of metall, a good Boy (by the Lord so they call me) and when I am King of *England*, I shall command all the good Lads in *East-cheap*. They call drinking deepe: dyeing scarlet: and when you breathe in your watring, they cry hem, and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an houre, that I can drinke with any Tinker in his owne Language during my life. I will tell thee, *Ned*, that thou wert not with me in this action. But sweet *Ned*, to sweeten which name of *Ned*, I give thee this penniworth of Sugar, clapt even now into my hand by an Vnderskinker, one that never spake other *English* in his life, then 8 shilling, and 6 pence, and *You are welcome*, with this shrill addition, *Anon anon sir*, *Score a pint of Bastard in the Halfe moone*, or so. But *Ned*, to drive away time til *Falstaffe* come, I prethee doe thou stand in some by-roome, while I question my Puny Drawer, to what end he gave me the Sugar, and learne of him to leave calling *Francis*, that his tale to me may be nothing but *Anon*: step aside, and i'le shew thee a president.

Poines. Francis.

Prince Thou art perfect.

Fran. Anon, anon sir; looke down into the pome